

someone to hear your prayers

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/57251611) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/57251611>.

Rating:

[Explicit](#)

Archive Warning:

[Underage Sex](#)

Category:

[M/M](#)

Fandom:

[The Craft \(Movies 1996 2020\)](#)

Relationship:

[Timmy Andrews/Isaiah Harrison](#)

Characters:

[Timmy Andrews](#), [Isaiah Harrison](#)

Additional Tags:

[Making Out](#), [First Time](#), [Anal Sex](#), [Religious Imagery & Symbolism](#), [Internalized Homophobia](#), [Canon Related](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2024-07-09 Words: 2,677 Chapters: 1/1

someone to hear your prayers

by [eicilux](#)

Summary

“... and you’re trying to choke down the feeling, and you’re trembling, but he reaches over and he touches you, like a prayer for which no words exist, and you feel your heart taking root in your body, like you’ve discovered something you don’t even have a name for.”

– *You Are Jeff*, Richard Siken

Isaiah is the only one to remain after the party. Timmy wants him to stay.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Timmy stops spacing out when the door of his room suddenly opens, revealing a mildly surprised Isaiah. “Oh.”

Timmy doesn't know why anyone would be surprised to find Timmy in his own room, but he supposes Isaiah isn't exactly sober. Neither is he. “Hi.”

Isaiah lingers in the doorway. “Hey. Just, I was looking for...” His voice falters, and he frowns. “I don't know what.”

Timmy realizes it would be impolite to leave Isaiah to stand by the threshold. “Uh, come in.”

Isaiah does. “Thanks. Everybody else has left, I think.” He shrugs. “Maybe I was looking for signs of life.”

Timmy chuckles in amusement. Isaiah is less reserved when inebriated, it seems. “You found the one thing in this house besides yourself that's still alive.” He smiles. “Barely.”

Isaiah gives him a tentative smile. “Did you enjoy the party?”

Timmy makes a contemplative noise. “As much as I usually do.”

Isaiah raises a curious eyebrow. “So...”

“It was fine.”

“Okay.” Isaiah hesitates, then musters up the courage to contradict Timmy. “That doesn’t sound very convincing.”

Timmy sighs, sitting on the floor and against his bed. “Man, you’re right.” He pats the space beside him, beckoning. “Come sit?”

Isaiah crouches and sits next to him. “Do you enjoy parties? In general?”

“They’re fine, I guess.” Timmy wets his lower lip. “I mean, when other people organize them, I can drink free booze, and I can always slip someone some tongue, so.” He swallows his unease. “They’re fine,” he repeats.

Isaiah is still not convinced. “But not good?”

Timmy shrugs his shoulders. “This is nice.”

“You mean *was* nice?” Isaiah inquires, gesturing half-heartedly at the emptiness of the house. “The party seems to be over.”

“No, I mean that this is nice.” Timmy looks Isaiah in the eye. “Usually after parties I just sit in my room alone and think about everything that’s fucked up.” He’s not sure why he’s confessing this so openly. “When I come down from being drunk and there’s no music to drown it out anymore... You know?”

Isaiah purses his lips, a nervous energy about him. “I think I do.”

Timmy becomes more alert at that. “What are you trying to drown out?”

Isaiah exhales deeply. “God, I wish I knew.” He pulls his knees closer to himself, then seems to decide that he’s not comfortable and straightens his legs. “I wish I didn’t feel so trapped.”

“Trapped with what?” Timmy’s curiosity has been piqued.

“With my dad or with myself, I don’t know.” Isaiah says the words like his throat is closing around the syllables, like he’s trying to swallow them, like he’s not quite sure he should be letting them out at all.

Timmy doesn’t know the full extent of Isaiah’s paternal issues, but he knows enough to know their relationship is tense. “... With yourself? What do you mean?”

“Like...” Isaiah wrings his hands. “You know how when you really—” there’s a sharp intake of breath – “when you want something, but all your life you’ve been told you can’t have it? Like, um, like the way you want that something is different from others and maybe it’s, it’s—it serves you right to be reminded that you have to repent for it?”

Timmy has no clue what to answer. He’s never heard Isaiah talk like this, much less talk *about* something like this. Though he knows that Isaiah’s outburst warrants a more appropriate and empathetic answer, Timmy simply replies, “Sounds rough.”

Isaiah is looking at him like he’s an unmoored ship lost at the stormy

sea and Timmy is the anchor. “Do you know? What it feels like?”

Timmy holds his breath. “I... I’m not sure.”

Isaiah blinks, breaking out of his focused state. “Jesus, I’m sorry.” He runs his hands down his face like he’s exhausted. “I didn’t mean to dump this on you like that.”

“Hey,” Timmy says immediately. “Hey, no, it’s fine. I’m glad we have a chance to talk.” Perhaps foolishly, he places his left hand atop Isaiah’s right one.

“You are?” Isaiah asks, sounding surprised and like a spark of hope has lit up inside him. Timmy just nods. “Guess that makes two of us.” He smiles softly, and Timmy can’t stop staring at his lips, at the curves of his mouth. “Thanks for listening, Tim.” A mellow silence falls over them. Timmy knows he’s had a beer too many and he knows it’s stupid of him to do it, but Isaiah’s face is closer to his than it ever has been, so Timmy puts a hand on his chest and leans in to kiss him. Isaiah recoils like he’s been hit instead of kissed, and his hand pushes Timmy away, gripping his gray shirt. With his own hand, Timmy can feel Isaiah’s heart hammering. “What the fuck?” Isaiah asks, but the expression on his face isn’t quite disgust, more like fear. His lips are parted in disbelief.

“Sorry, man, I must’ve had too much to drink,” Timmy lies. He *has* drunk, but hardly enough not to be conscious of his actions and the consequences thereof. “I didn’t mean to offend you, I just thought we...” He huffs an anxious laugh. “I don’t know what I thought.” This, at least, is not a lie.

“This is...” Isaiah begins. His hand is now splayed on Timmy’s chest, no longer gripping, just resting there, his fingers and Timmy’s skin separated only by thin gray fabric. He swallows. Timmy listens to his

unsteady breathing, feels his warm hand. "This is what I was talking about."

"About..."

"... wanting."

Timmy blinks. "Oh." He inhales. "In that case, I do know what it feels like." There's a pause, and then Isaiah kisses *him*, and something warm blooms in Timmy's chest. He knows he's been stealing glances at Isaiah for a while now. In the locker room, in the cafeteria, in class, even on the occasion that he's been over at their house playing video games or working on projects with Jacob. He didn't think Isaiah had noticed. He thought it was a lost cause.

They're standing up now, still making out, and Timmy knows he's reacting to the proximity. Isaiah seems to be as well, and when they stumble onto the bed, it's clear to both of them where this is going. Isaiah cages Timmy, half-purposefully grinding against him, and Timmy kisses him like he's never kissed before. Isaiah maneuvers himself under Timmy, who briefly moves from Isaiah's lips to his neck, but Isaiah stops him. "Not there."

Timmy nods, understanding, and moves on to unbutton Isaiah's shirt, because of course he would wear a white button-up to a house party. He wonders if it was even his choice to wear it. Timmy places his hand on Isaiah's rabbit heart, and Isaiah looks at him like he hung up the moon. Timmy takes off his own shirt, watching his best friend's brother look at him like he wants to eat him, and he knows his sweatpants are tented. "You're sure?"

"Yeah." Isaiah's hands roam his torso like he's never touched anyone before, and maybe he hasn't, what does Timmy know? Timmy only knows that he's hard, and there's a boy under him who wants to be

fucked, and he still has viable condoms in his bedside drawer.

Timmy reaches for the knob of the drawer and opens one of the condom packets, hastily moving his sweatpants and underwear, then applying the condom. He's about to follow up with lube, but belatedly realizes he doesn't have any. He tells Isaiah as much. "I don't have lube."

Isaiah sounds like he's not one hundred percent sure when he says, "It's fine." He's out of his boxers, and Timmy had an inkling from dressing up post-PE class, but Isaiah's size catches him off guard anyway. "Timmy," Isaiah says softly, gently cupping his face. "Make me forget."

Timmy thinks that's not an entirely healthy thing to be seeking from sex, but they're both slightly drunk and not out to anyone, so maybe this whole thing is not entirely healthy. "I'll do my best," Timmy promises as Isaiah turns around. Timmy wishes he had something better to substitute lube with, but he just spits on his fingers before deciding to stretch this out some more. He brings his fingers to Isaiah's mouth, and the boy makes an incredulous sound, but gets the gist of it and takes them in his mouth.

Timmy doesn't know why it would be arousing to either of them, but they're both turned on by it. Isaiah's tongue is warm and heavy and humid, and Timmy thinks he would really want to see Isaiah's face right now. He pulls his fingers out with a wet pop, finally bringing them to Isaiah's rim. He inserts one. Isaiah makes a sound bordering on surprise and satisfaction when Timmy moves his finger inside him. This goes on for a while, but then Isaiah says, "More."

Timmy complies, inserting another one, moving them in synchronization and not letting himself think about how this situation is simultaneously absurd and sensible. He adds one more, and Isaiah is trying to push against the mattress, seeking friction. "Think you're ready?"

“Make me forget,” Isaiah says again, and he means *yes*, but it sounds like a prayer. Timmy spits on his hand for good measure and strokes his cock before lining himself up and pushing inside. He groans at the warmth, at the tightness, at the grunt that Isaiah lets out once he pulls back and pushes in again. They find a rhythm, and Isaiah is making a small keening sound that Timmy really, really likes. Timmy feels sweat forming in beads on his skin, running down his back as he fucks his friend, steadily pounding into him. “Timmy,” Isaiah groans.

Timmy slows down. “What do you need?” he asks, panting.

“I need you to fuck me harder,” Isaiah says, and it occurs to Timmy that he’s never heard him curse. He’s never heard him moan, either. “Please.” Timmy does as he’s asked, picking up the pace, and he’s not even sure if Isaiah is comfortable. He seems to be getting pleasure out of it, however, at least judging by the noises he’s making. The slap of skin echoes in the room, and their moans get louder as they approach the finish line. Isaiah groans once, loud, and comes on Timmy’s sheets. He clenches, tightening up against Timmy, and that’s what drives Timmy over the edge. He comes with a groan, collapsing onto Isaiah’s back and breathing hard in his ear. He thinks Isaiah is just catching his breath, but as he listens for longer, he realizes that Isaiah is crying. “Hey,” Timmy says softly as he pulls out and ties the condom, throwing it into the trash can. “Are you okay?”

Isaiah swallows, his breath hitching as he turns to his side. “I’m fine,” he replies.

Timmy doesn’t buy it for a second. He lies down beside Isaiah, watching his tear-wet cheeks in the dim light of the bedroom. “What’s wrong?” Timmy pries. “Was it not good?” For all his experience, he remains uncertain, especially since this was his first time with someone of the same sex.

Isaiah clears his throat. "It was," he assures Timmy. "That's not why I..." He shakes his head. "Forget it."

"You didn't," Timmy says, remembering what Isaiah asked of him. It seems Timmy's best was not enough to grant him his wish.

"No," Isaiah concurs, "but that's not your fault."

Timmy frowns. "And you think it's yours?"

Something like irritation flashes across Isaiah's features. "Seriously, Tim. Drop it. It doesn't matter." Timmy knows it does, but he doesn't press any further. There's no point in arguing about something that Isaiah is clearly not keen on explaining. "I should get going."

Timmy leans up on one elbow. "You don't want to stay the night?" he asks, hopeful but quite sure of the answer. He doesn't know if he could safely house Isaiah over the night, anyway. He has no idea what time his parents get home.

Isaiah scoffs. "Are you joking?" He snuffles, trying his best to stop the flow of tears. "Dad would kill me." He says it quietly, his voice breaking, and Timmy wonders if he actually means it. "Can I use your bathroom?" Timmy can't help wondering if he's asking because of his dad, like the man could somehow sense everything that went down here even through layers of clothing and repression.

Timmy nods. "Anything." He wants to kiss Isaiah, but he thinks that if he asked, his request would be rejected. He reaches out to wipe away Isaiah's tears, thinking about raindrops and deep sea pearls. Isaiah climbs out of the bed, making his way to clean himself, to make himself pure again. Looking at the white button-up on the floor, Timmy thinks about the lamb of God who carries the sins of the

world. He listens to the soft trickle of water from the tap, and dozes off to thoughts of baptism and rebirth.

When Timmy opens his eyes again, his room is dark and Isaiah is gone.

Isaiah has been radio silent since the night of the party.

Timmy doesn't know what the fuck to do. He considers texting him, *i miss being with you* or *i miss being inside you* or *i miss you*, but none of it sounds right, and neither does *i'm sorry* or *hey, i fucked up, i didn't mean to make things weird* or *can we talk?* and Timmy doesn't think he could handle getting ghosted after a message like that. Eventually, he types, *hope you're ok?* and erases it. *you ok?* he settles on texting him finally.

A while later, Timmy's phone buzzes. His heart skips, but he clicks on the message only to discover that it's Jacob. *Hey isaiahs out helping dad with something*, the text says. *I saw your name pop up on his screen, what are you texting him for, why wouldnt he be ok*

Timmy groans. He begins to type and erases his message, trying to come up with a credible lie. *i dropped a glass at my party and it broke and he picked it up, i was making sure he didn't get hurt or anything*

The bubble with the three small dots floats ominously. *You had plastic cups though didnt you*

Timmy inhaled sharply. Jacob just couldn't let it be. *yeah but after the party had died down*

Jacob still presses for more information. *You were alone with him?*

Timmy doesn't want to answer, because he has no idea what time Isaiah went home and he doesn't know what he seemed like upon his return. Timmy can't say for sure that it wasn't a walk of shame when Isaiah got home. *just tell him to call me when he's in*, Timmy evades the question. Jacob doesn't answer, though he's seen the message. Timmy's heart drums at too many beats per minute. He hopes he hasn't made things worse for Isaiah.

Days go by.

Timmy waits. At school, he checks his phone every so often, keeps his eyes peeled in case he sees Isaiah around. When he does, Isaiah tries very hard not to make eye contact with him. Jacob notices that Timmy is tense, and this – above all else – is something he can't confide in Jacob about. Timmy waits, waits foolishly, waits for him and Isaiah to be alone so they could talk, waits uselessly, waits even when he knows there's no point in waiting anymore. Isaiah has made his decision, and Timmy wishes he had never done anything to cause this intolerable tension.

Isaiah looks at him, sometimes, when he thinks Timmy doesn't notice, but the moment he raises his head, Isaiah's eyes always flit to something across the room. Timmy doesn't understand it. He expects the worst, but he waits. He never gets a call, and still he waits, like the people that are beyond salvation forever awaiting a paradise they will never see.

Timmy thinks that maybe he's ruined the root of something beautiful.

End Notes

this may be out of character mostly since a) i did not like the movie and b) because they're not really given much character, so this is just a random interpretation of how their hook-up might have transpired ! this happens pre-timmy 2.0 by the way

the title is from depeche mode's personal jesus; also, i don't know where the religious guilt/symbolism came from. i just feel like it fits, somehow

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!